

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 59.—No. 5.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

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WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies and Miss Clara Samuel. Mmes Antoinette Sterling, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Mmes Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Mass, Mr Santley, and Signor Foll. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. O. Venables. Conductor—Mr RUDY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

MISS GRIFFITHS will sing Mr GOLDBERG'S "PRISONER'S LAST SONG" (words by CHERWICK TICHBORNE, before his execution, A.D. 1856), at Miss L. Thompson's Evening Concert, Grosvenor Hall, Belgravia, February 3rd.

"**THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.**"—J. F. BARNETT'S new Cantata, produced with triumphant success at the late Leeds Festival, will be shortly performed in Glasgow, Hull, Oxford, Halifax, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Brighton, Sheffield, and London. Vocal Score, 6s. net; Chorus Parts, 1s. 6d. each net.—PATRY & WILLIS, 30, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

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Words by LOUISA GRAY.

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Just Published.

"AMOUR INQUIET." Idylle (played by the Band of the Royal Horse Guards and dedicated to CHARLES GODFREY, Esq.). Composed for the Pianoforte by LILLIE ALBRECHT. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

OPINION OF THE PRESS.

"Miss Lillie Albrecht's Idylle for Pianoforte, 'Amour Inquiet,' has, we observe, been performed by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, in recognition, no doubt, of its undeniable cleverness and effect. As the melody is given wholly to the left hand, the piece affords that often neglected member a capital exercise in phrasing."—From the Daily Telegraph, Dec. 24th, 1880.

"We may here mention the following pieces from the young composer, Lillie Albrecht:—'Amour Inquiet,' performed by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, is a piece of very decided character; and 'Honneur et Gloire,' performed with success by the same band, is a brilliant march which ought by its rhythm to excite onward our brave soldiers to glorious combat. Who could guess that the author of this warlike music is a charming young lady, who plays the piano admirably!"—From the Brighton Gazette, Dec. 25th, 1880.

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SLOW MARCH FOR THE ORGAN (founded on KREUTZER's celebrated Thirty-third Violin Study). By STANISLAUS ELLIOT. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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O LET THE SOLID GROUND. Song. The Poetry by TENNYSON. The Music by EADA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"HAPPY DREAMS." Cradle Song. Words and Music by FREDERICK PENNA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"HER VOICE." IGNAZ GIBSON's popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter," sung by Mme ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

LOLA AT THE OLYMPIC.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," Jan. 22nd.)

Under the title of *Lola*; or, *the Belle of Baccarato*, a comic opera in two acts, an entirely new and original lyric work, written by Mr Frank Marshall and composed by Signor Antonio Orsini, was produced on Saturday last at the Olympic Theatre. In bygone days, when "opera-bouffe" was triumphant, *Lola* might possibly have been announced as a specimen of that class of composition, for its plot and incidents are occasionally farcical, and the satire levelled at the reigning monarch of a southern principality is rather of the kind which used to prevail in opera-bouffe than of the gentler sort which is to be expected in "comic opera." It is, however, a good thing for art that the persevering efforts of English critics have, within the last twelve years, succeeded in so completely dethroning "opera-bouffe" that its very name has become unpopular, and authors and managers find it necessary to "assume a virtue if they have it not"—claiming the dignity of "comic" opera for works that bear suspicious resemblance to "bouffe" opera. In one important respect Mr Marshall's libretto is favourably distinguished from those which are usually supplied for such works. It is witty and amusing, without the slightest infusion of vulgarity, or any suggestion of an indelicate kind. The jokes are innocent, and there is no unpleasant *arrière pensée* in the laughter which is awakened. The plot is set forth at considerable length in the book of words, and may be condensed as follows:

Alexis, Prince of Baccarato, finding himself impecunious, lets off part of his palace for gambling saloons, with the object of attracting visitors from foreign countries, and so enriching himself and his subjects. The visitors arrive, and, having satisfied the officials as to their respectability, are presently puzzled by the arrival of a yacht's crew, on whose caps and jerseys is inscribed, "Virtue, Price 6d." The owner of the yacht appears, and is recognised as Mr Vere de Vere, proprietor of the new paper, *Virtue*, "a journal of high society." The attention of everybody is next attracted to Lola de Florez, a young lady from the "Far West," who has come to Europe on speculation as a "beauty." She has lost her *chaperon* (her aunt Priscilla) on the road; and, not being able to satisfy the regulations of the Moral Custom House at Baccarato, is about to be expelled from the principality, when the Prince, struck by her beauty, allows her to remain, on Lady Lambkin undertaking to act as her guardian. The Prince confides to Vere de Vere a scheme he has formed of trying to win a grand *coup* at the tables, if he can only find someone to play for him. Vere de Vere suggests Lola, and it turns out that both have conceived the idea of running away with Lola directly she has won a large sum at the tables. Lola is easily persuaded to play for them; presently a great shouting is heard, and the Chorus announce that she has won an enormous stake. Lola rushes in, with her hands full of money: just as the Prince and Vere de Vere are beginning to count it, Edgardo is heard outside, singing; Lola recognises his voice and rushes into his arms, to the disgust of the Prince and Vere de Vere. The latter tells the Prince Edgardo is a celebrated revolutionary agent. Edgardo indignantly denies it; but the Prince orders his immediate imprisonment. Lola intercedes for him, and the Prince changes the sentence to one of banishment. Edgardo is dragged away by the soldiers, as Lola falls fainting in the arms of the Prince and Vere de Vere.

In Act 2 we find that Lola has reluctantly consented to the Prince's suit, and a grand *fête* is to be held to celebrate their betrothal. Lola still refuses to fix the day for the marriage, when Aunt Priscilla appears upon the scene. Aunt Priscilla is determined that her niece shall be a princess; and tells Lola that the only way to escape from the importunities of Vere de Vere is to fix the day for her marriage with the Prince, leaving her aunt to defeat the plans of Vere de Vere. Lola resolves to fall in, apparently, with her aunt's views, while in her heart she longs for Edgardo to come and rescue her. Vere de Vere has told Aunt Priscilla of Edgardo's sudden appearance at Baccarato, and of his subsequent expulsion, which makes her still more anxious to clench the engagement with the Prince. Meanwhile she discovers that Vere de Vere is conspiring, and she overhears his plot to carry off Lola in a balloon which he has furnished for the *fête*, and at the same time to take his revenge on the Prince by throwing down from his balloon, instead of the promised fireworks, copies of a ridiculous caricature of the Ruler of Baccarato, which copies he has ready in his room at the Hotel. The *fête* commences, but is interrupted by the arrival of the Marquis di Castello di Spagna (Edgardo), who craves leave to join the festivities. At first Lola does not recognize him, nor does anyone else, the Prince even asking him to press Lola to "name the happy day." But during the fandango which follows, Edgardo reveals himself to Lola; and, in a subsequent interview, she urges him to provide the means for their

escape by trying his chance at the tables, on a number of which she has dreamt three times running. Lola is left alone. Vere de Vere joins her, and is just carrying her off, when Aunt Priscilla comes in, at the head of all the visitors, with copies of the last number of his paper in their hands, containing many uncomplimentary paragraphs. The Prince rushes in, but before he can exact vengeance the breaking of the Bank by the Spanish Marquis, the mutiny of his army, and the revolt of his subjects are rapidly announced; Edgardo appears at the head of the rebels, claims Lola as his bride, and dethrones the Prince. The curtain comes down on the enthusiastic acclamations of the natives of Baccarato, as they hail, in Edgardo and Lola, their new Prince and Princess.

It will be observed that there are no strong dramatic situations in the piece, and that the composer has not been furnished with opportunities for the display of those constructive powers which were evinced in the *finales* and *ensembles* of his opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*. Yet he has succeeded in proving himself a master of his craft, and within the modest bounds of a light comic opera has produced some admirably written vocal part music, and a number of symmetrical melodies, set off to advantage by skilful orchestration. Having to write for a numerically small band, he has so planned his score that no sense of insufficiency was awakened, and—best of all—he accomplished this feat without resorting to the vulgar device of covering deficiencies by the blare of trombones and trumpets. The horns were admirably utilised, and the flute, oboe, and clarinet were provided with effective passages; the melody played by one instrument frequently furnishing the counterpoint to a succeeding melody written for another instrument. The orchestration was, in short, worthy of the author of the best work on that subject issued in recent years, and the vocal harmonies were none the less meritorious because apparently simple and unstudied. It is also worthy of remark that there was not a single fault in the accentuation—a remarkable fact, which may probably be traced to the co-operation of Mr Frank Marshall. Signor Orsini has not attempted to reproduce the dance rhythms of the Offenbach school, but has rather sought to supply the more refined melodies of the Italian "opera-bouffe," and if he has seldom attained complete originality, he has seldom failed to provide graceful melodies of an eminently vocal kind. Lola's songs, "I am a guileless child," and "Money, what have you to say?" are remarkably elegant and tuneful; the soprano and tenor duet, "Love me, if I flirt," is both melodious and well-harmonised, and is, indeed, in all respects admirable. Edgardo's solos, "Oh fair and sweet" and "Oh has she forgotten," are tuneful and effective; and as specimens of skilful part-writing for voices may be mentioned the opening solo and chorus, "My children, dear," and the sextet and quintet in Act 2. We must not forget to draw attention to the short overture, which marvellously illustrated the possibility of educing large results from small resources. It may finally be said that Signor Orsini, writing for a limited orchestra, and treading one of the least important by-paths of his art, has evinced capacity for higher tasks, and may be confident that English musicians will await his future productions with favourable anticipations. Mr Frank Marshall also may be congratulated on his success in a new sphere. Lola's song, "Money, what have you to say?" is essentially poetical; and his dialogue, especially in the first act, is witty and piquant, without any trace of spite or personality.

The performance was excellent. Miss Elinor Loveday (Lola) sang and acted very charmingly, and won well-merited encores for both her solos. Miss Everard (Aunt Priscilla) could not hide the fact that she is an actress first and a vocalist afterwards, but made capital use of rather limited opportunities. Miss Mowbray (Lady Lambkin), Miss Rose Roberts, and other young ladies who undertook minor parts, added brightness to the scenes in which they appeared; Mr Rosenthal was highly successful as Prince Alexis, his humour being all the more effective because unforced; Mr H. Walsham (Edgardo) sang with good taste, and merited the warm applause he obtained; Mr De Lange (Vere de Vere) was hardly demonstrative enough, but delivered the text intelligently, and the minor parts were well played. The *mise-en-scène* was brilliant and tasteful; the ladies of the *corps de ballet* and of the chorus were piquantly costumed; the choruses were well sung, and the band, conducted by Signor Orsini, merited warm commendation. Since the first performance the second act has been much curtailed, and partly re-written, and the opera now goes smoothly and sparkingly to the end.

FANNY ELLSLER, whose father was for years Haydn's copyist, has forwarded 500 florins to the Haydn Memorial Fund.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S sacred opera, *The Tower of Babel*, has been performed—for the first time in America—by the Apollo Club, Chicago, Miss Kellogg singing the principal female part.

THE LATE EDWARD SOTHERN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The British stage is scarcely so fertile in striking individuality and originality that the death of such a marked exponent of artistic idiosyncrasies as the late Mr Sothern can be passed by without something in the nature of analytic comment being made on the genius of the accomplished artist who has been taken from us. It is possible that in the course of his early career—and he had been full a dozen years on the stage before London ever heard of him—Mr Sothern had gone through the usual and beneficial apprenticeship of an "actor of all work." He must have played a multiplicity of parts in the English provinces and the United States before he burst on the London theatrical public with his astonishingly novel and humorous impersonation of Lord Dundreary. The success which he achieved, although gradual, became ultimately tremendous; and so indissolubly associated was he thenceforth with the character of the blundering, empty-headed, but kind-hearted nobleman in Mr Tom Taylor's comedy-drama, that Mr Sothern's dramatic repertory became necessarily, although somewhat to his own artistic detriment, of the most limited order. With the exception of Mr Joseph Jefferson, no comedian of modern times has obtained so strong and so durable a hold on the public favour as a "one-part actor" as was taken by Mr Sothern; and, although he might have been capable, equally with Mr Jefferson, of playing fifty wholly different parts to admiration, the English comedian remained to the end of the chapter most conspicuously and almost exclusively identified with Dundreary, even as his distinguished American compeer is still identified with Rip Van Winkle. The keenest and most refined intellects in England assembled in council could find no more appropriate or more eloquent epitaph for a great English poet than that which is inscribed on the tomb in Norwood Cemetery of Thomas Hood, "*He sang the Song of the Shirt*." Could Edward Sothern find a more comprehensive or more eulogistic commemoration of his fame than that he was the original Lord Dundreary? The whimsical caricature has become incorporated with our literature and our speech; the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies of the character created by Mr Sothern have stood triumphantly the surest test of popularity, inasmuch as they have become proverbial, and "Dundrearyism" is now as universally recognised a locution as "Bumblodom" or "Paul Pryism."

In claiming for the lamented gentleman who has passed away the merits of originality and of having substantially created the part to which he owed, wherever the English language is spoken, his vast celebrity, we do no injustice to the memory of the able dramatist who constructed the play of *Our American Cousin*, and furnished the slight outline of a character which Mr Sothern was afterwards to fill in and to render so wonderfully real. Mr Tom Taylor, when he had completed the play for which he had received a commission from an American manager, had probably as faint an idea that Dundreary was destined to be the true hero of the piece as Mr Charles Dickens, when furnishing the first instalment of "copy" to accompany Mr Seymour's sporting caricatures, had any notion that the president of a convivial club of Cockneys was destined to move millions of readers to tears as well as smiles as the real English Don Quixote—the immortal Samuel Pickwick. It was by the happiest of accidents that a firm of publishers, in search of a clever hack-writer, found a young man of genius who, in his dingy chambers in Furnival's Inn, had a magician's wand by means of which he conjured up a host of marvelously original yet familiarly life-like characters. It was by an equally happy accident that in the drama written by a practised English playwright for the American market there should have been included the primarily insignificant part of an English "swell," which fell into the hands of a young actor of genius, who in process of time so remodelled and developed, so moulded and welded the character to suit his own peculiar and inimitable scope of creation and bent of mind, that he made Dundreary ultimately an independent, crystallised, concrete part, altogether his own, altogether unsusceptible of being presented in a commonly tolerable manner by even the cleverest of imitators. Any comedian of approved capacity can play Asa Trenchard, just as there are scores upon scores of capable low comedians who have been laughingly efficient as Dr Pangloss, as Tony Lumpkin, as Bob Acres, or as Paul Pry; but that Dundreary out of the hands of a Sothern cannot be anything beyond a pale, inane, and almost repulsive performance has been manifest to those who have happened to witness performances of *Our American Cousin*—without Mr Sothern—in out-of-the-way places in the United States and Canada. Under such conditions either Dundreary has sunk to his normal insignificance, or, if an attempt has been made to give prominence to the part by gestures and *sallies à la Sothern*, the imitation has been offensive. On the other hand, whenever on Transatlantic soil Dundreary has been assumed by an actor other than Mr Sothern, the character of Asa Trenchard has resumed the importance which the dramatist originally intended that it should

possess. The fact is that *Our American Cousin* was written with a view of its "taking" not a British but an American audience. There was a good deal that was flattering to Transatlantic susceptibilities in the idea of a "smart" but kindly-hearted young Vermonter first diverting a family of haughty English patricians by the uncouth rusticity of his manner and the quaint oddity of his phraseology, but ultimately developing the true nobility and unselfishness of his nature, and by a most chivalrous act of self-sacrifice saving the haughty patricians from disaster and ruin. With his accustomed skill Mr Tom Taylor, having catered for the patriotic tastes of American playgoers, no less skilfully proceeded to introduce into his *dramatis personæ* a drunken English butler incapable of rightly pronouncing his "H's," and an English aristocratic dandy. These two characters, who have nothing to do with the plot of the play, are simply brought in "to make sport." Drunken butlers have been popular on the stage ever since the days of Trinculo; but on the American stage a bibulous English attendant, who calls his heart his "art" and his arm his "harm," is sure to win applause. Similarly, the more affected, the more imbecile, and the more generally ridiculous is the dandy—especially if he be a lord—the more implicitly would he have been regarded, some seventeen years ago, in America as a life-like type of the British "upper crust."

When Mr Sothern came to the Haymarket Theatre in 1861 he had, it is said, played the part of Dundreary in the United States some eleven hundred times. He was fated, ere his life was brought to its regretted and premature close, to play Dundreary upwards of four thousand times, and to make the public of San Francisco and Sacramento as familiar with the waggeries of Brother Sam's letter as the public of New York, of London, and of Liverpool had been. In the British metropolis the welcome accorded to a hitherto almost unknown actor was singularly cordial, and the cordiality was soon expanded into thorough enthusiasm. The personal character of the comedian did much to enhance the popularity which he at once acquired in the very best English society, and which, without intermission, he continued to enjoy until the close of his life. Stalwart in stature, and comely of mien, courteous and polished, amiable, frank, and generous, a brilliant conversationalist and "raconteur," enthusiastically fond of field sports, and blest with an inexhaustible reserve of animal spirits, he was as winning off the stage as when he was treading the boards. Above all a wag, a "mystifier," a contriver of droll equivokes, some of his more frolicsome humours in private life, while they were irresistibly comic, inclined a little too much, perhaps, to the humours of Theodore Hook as pictured in *Gilbert Gurney*, and as really carried out in the famous "Berners Street Hoax." But in the most fantastic of Edward Sothern's droll "mystifications" there was never to be found the slightest tinge of malevolence or of vulgarity. He was, from first to last, a high-minded and humane gentleman. To his poorer brethren in the profession which he adorned he was uniformly and bounteously charitable. To appeals in aid of benevolent movements he never turned a deaf ear. If a charity benefit were to be organized for the aid of some distressed family of an actor deceased, or overtaken by sickness or misfortune, the name of Edward Askew Sothern, if he was in England, was rarely lacking from the list of honorary performers. If he was abroad he never failed to send—were it from the uttermost ends of the earth—a liberal donation to the good cause on foot. Thus, it came about that this accomplished comedian and warm-hearted man was as much beloved far and wide by his hosts of friends as for his bright artistic talents; he was admired by all English-speaking people from the Thames to the Mississippi, from the Irish Sea to the Pacific. In many respects a typical Englishman, he belonged in others to two worlds, and was quite as much at home in Grammery Park or at the Golden Gates as he was at the Haymarket or in his pleasant dwelling-place in western London—pleasant no longer. The house of whilom delightful social intercourse will re-echo no more to the sallies of wit and mirth; the lamps are extinguished, and the hearth is cold. It is but the common lot that over so much brilliancy and gaiety the shadow of a cypress should be drawn. It is but the common goal, which all must reach.

"PARSIFAL."—We learn from Bayreuth that the first representation of Wagner's new opera, *Parsifal* (for which, as usual, he has supplied both words and music), will be held in the "Festival Theatre" exclusively for the gratification of his immediate friends and "patrons" (subscribers to the Bayreuth Fund); but that when the claims of these have been duly met, the "outside public" may be admitted to some extra performances. Such, it is stated, is the Master's oracular decision. The date of the performances is fixed for August next year; so there is time for rehearsals out of number.—*Graphic*.

MR CARRODUS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Pianoforte recitals have long been an established institution, but a violin recital is somewhat of a novelty. The performances given on Thursday in St James's Hall by Mr Carrodus, though not described as a recital, bore out this title with more exactitude than is often the case when the name is used. At most pianoforte recitals the programme is varied by the introduction of songs. Mr Carrodus sought only for the variety to be found in different schools of composition for the violin, and in the alternation of accompanied and unaccompanied solos. Considering the state of the weather, his audience was a highly respectable one in point of numbers; and what it lacked in this respect it more than made up in attention and sympathetic approbation. Mr Carrodus plays the violin with scholarly precision and artistic feeling. Instrumental executants have not remained unaffected by the modern passion for sensational effects. Manner is said to make the man: it certainly goes a long way in making the popular violinist or pianist. So much the more credit, therefore, to the performer who invites success solely by the legitimate exercise of his art. Four charming little pieces by Molique, the violinist's master, an *Adagio* of Spohr, Bach's well-known *Chaconne* in D minor, and other works to which the names of Vieuxtemps, Paganini, Wieniawski, and Tours were attached, formed a selection that could hardly have been improved. Bach's work, though of immense difficulty and the profoundest scholarship, was, perhaps, the least interesting, many of its rapid double-stopped passages reminding one of the preliminary orchestral tuning up which once so delighted the Chinese Ambassador. In perfect contrast was Vieuxtemps's charming *Réverie*, while equally opposed to this was Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo*, which is as lively as its name suggests. In each item, however, Mr Carrodus displayed the same admirable qualities of artistic feeling and sympathetic expression. His accompanists were Mr Frank Amor and Master John Carrodus, the latter a very intelligent and skilful young player.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—These concerts, like all other public entertainments, have suffered by the severity of the weather, though somewhat less than might have been anticipated. The Saturday and Monday programmes were very good, and the re-appearance of Mme Norman-Néruda at the first violin desk was, in itself, an attraction, ably as her place had been filled by the institutor of the celebrated "Florentine Quartet," Herr Jean Becker, whose playing at St James's Hall, many years ago, is still pleasurablely remembered. At the afternoon concert the gifted Moravian led Beethoven's third "Rasoumowsky" quartet in C, and on Monday evening Schubert's quartet in A minor—the first work of the kind from the pen of its inexhaustible composer introduced by Mr Chappell to his patrons (May 16, 1859—with Joachim and Piatti). In both, Mme Néruda was admirable, in the last especially, well nigh perfection. The pianist on Saturday was Mdle Marie Krebs, who obtained and deserved flattering applause in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 26 (A flat), containing the "Funeral March," and who joined Mme Néruda, MM. Straus, Piatti, and Reynolds in the Quintet, by the late regretted Hermann Goetz, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, so much admired when presented last year. On Monday the pianist was Miss Dora Schirmacher, who gave Beethoven's "32" Variations on an Original Air with real spirit and earnestness, and, being called back to the platform, played something else. It is a pity these "re-calls" should be persisted in by the audience, submitted to by the artists, and sanctioned by the director. To a large number of amateurs they are objectionable, as disturbing the balance of programmes symmetrically shaped. Moreover, the piece that elicits an "encore" is never repeated, but another invariably substituted. The singer on Saturday was Mr Santley, who gave Signor Piatti's charming canzonet, "O Swallow, Swallow!" to perfection, accompanied, to equal perfection, by the composer, on the violoncello. On Monday Mr Frank Boyle, one of the youngest of our rising tenors, won good opinions in songs by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn. The accompanist on both occasions was Mr Zerbin.

JULIUS L. MOMBACH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It may interest your numerous readers to know that the musical compositions of the celebrated Julius L. Mombach, who died in February last, for fifty-two years director of the choir of the Great Synagogue, have been compiled and edited by the Rev. M. Keizer, Reader of the Great Synagogue. The work, which consists of all the Hebrew melodies for Sabbaths and Festivals, Consecrations and Wedding Service, is almost ready for press, and will shortly be published. I am, dear sir, yours obediently,

N. KEIZER.

ICE MAY BE ON THE WINDOW PANE.*

June roses bloomed in beauty bright, Soft blew the summer air, The wavelets danced in golden light, The world looked wondrous fair; Yet reigned sad winter in my heart, For in a distant land My lover bravely bore his part With England's hero band.	And so, whilst summer breezes blew Across the weary main, My ceaseless prayer with sea-winds Heaven speed him home again. Cold Arctic lands would Eden be If he were by my side; E'en storms be breezes light and free— But worlds us two divide.
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And now, though winter winds blow shrill,
I stand my casement nigh,
To watch where o'er the distant hill
My lover draweth nigh.
Ah! ended here is winter's reign,
For soon we ne'er shall part;
Ice may be on the window pane,
But summer's in my heart.

* Copyright.

"CARLEON."

HERR JACQUES BLUMENTHAL has returned to London from the Continent, all the better in health for his holiday. Many happy and prosperous new years to the distinguished professor—who ought, by the way, to give another "Message" to the world.

ORGAN.—An organ "recital" was given by Mr Alf. A Physick on Tuesday, Jan. 4th, on the large organ in Lancaster Hall, Notting Hill. The programme was well selected, including amongst other compositions, the fine overture from Dr Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus*; Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Handel's Gavotte in B flat; Mendelssohn's sixth Organ Sonata (D minor); Introduction and Fugue from Dr Sloman's *Supplication and Praise*; duet for piano and organ—Guilmant's *Scherzo, Capriccioso*, Op. 36; and a "Festal March" composed by the performer. There was a fair attendance, and the audience seemed to appreciate throughout Dr Physick's efforts. The duet for piano and organ was encoired, "The March of the Silver Trumpets" duet being given in response. Mrs Gregory presided at the pianoforte. The "Festal March," from the pen of Mr Physick, was also received with special favour. Some vocal music, contributed by Mr W. Gregory, added to the attractions of the programme.

SERVICE AT THE ABBEY.—The recent performance of portions of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* in Westminster Abbey was favoured with Christmas weather, though not given in Christmas time. Despite the drawback of universal snow, the listening congregation was a large one. In its original form of the *Oratorio Tempore Nativitatis Christi*, this work was in six discourses intended for devotional exercises on six separate occasions. In service, the oratorio has long fallen into disuse, save for occasional performances in the Abbey. It must be ranked, however, among Bach's finest efforts, some of its effects being impressive to the point of sublimity. This is peculiarly noticeable amid the noble and suggestive surroundings of the Cathedral, where the highest form of religious worship seems in perfect keeping. Unlike the *Passion Music*, the *Christmas Oratorio* has no double choruses; but the four-part choral writing is often of the most elaborate and grand character. Admirably sung by the choristers, these beautiful strains floated through the vastness of the Abbey with solemnizing and elevating effect. The solos were well delivered, though the size of the building rendered their merits less distinguishable. The beauty of the performance as a whole was enhanced by the excellent playing of the orchestra, to which some important parts—such as the pastoral symphony—were appropriately given. Dr Stainer was at the organ.

Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

A Story of "Parsifal."

Ov korce u 'ave red in the Daily T.
Or p'raps if not there in the Moosical Wee*
As 'ow King Loodvig's a-goin' 2 disburse
All hout ov 'is hone (or the nashunal) purse
The money rekvir'd for "Parsifal."

O, good it his ov that sufferin grand
Thus ridely 2 hopen 'is grashus rite and
& give away cash so libera'ee
(i vis' 'e'd b ekally kyind 2 p're me)
Hall on akownt ov "Parsifal."

Sum thous nds 'o quid—rich a quid is a pound—
(There's moosic, sweet moosic, e gods, in the
sound)
That 'ere ryal pussonage meens 2 besto
For 2 make Mister Wagginer's play for 2 go
Since huthewise stuck is "Parsifal."

Yer Majesty Loodvig i drinks 2 yer 'e'lt
& opesthat yer subjiks vont missthat 'ere velth,
For sartin sh'we it wos verry much vanted,
Cos Wagginer's follo'ers hall levanted
Ven the plate vent round for "Parsifal."

& now i'm a-goin' a tale 2 hunfold
—A tale rich, ses modesty, shooldn't be told,
But sunneers in print "wita brevis" i've read
& i don't want no tarra'diddles told ven i'm
dead,
About the story ov "Parsifal."

My Mary so deer (rich i greev for 2 say
Is in Wagginer's service at this verry day)
She rote me a letter, sweet maid, & she sed
'Ere's master a-tarin' the few 'ares from 'is 'e'd.
Respectin' that 'orrid old "Parsifal."

Kum hover at vunce & c if u can
Do hanythink likely 2 heese the pore man,
Vich, i'm sure it's much vanted, & hau'so, i
think,
Is a good dee! ov stuff wot the vulgar call
chink
2 b strait se illo'd hup by "Parsifal."

"Good evins, deer Mary," i makes kvick reply,
"The chink wot i've got u kood put in yer hi,
But hif it's advice that R. Wagginer needs,
i've plenty 2 give 'in and vont stop at deeds,
Tho' i don't care a button for "Parsifal!"

* "Put it down a Wee, my lord."—Mr Tony
Weller.

So 2 Bayroot, Frankony ('avin' borrow'd
sum money)
i travell'd eggsspress & soon tasted the 'oney
Ov Mary's sweet lips, rich per'aps was the
reezon
Vy i made so much aist at a hinklemmunt
seezm
—'Twos hall the better for "Parsifal."

"Now leze hof," ses Mary, "and make aist
2 master."
"Ow is 'e my deer, 2 day?" briskly i ast er.
"O e's drest all in wilet, rich it sinnifys
mildness.
Ven 'e puts on 'is scarlet look hout for 'is
vildness,
Ov rich much is howin' to 'Parsifal!'"

So stratevay 2 Wagginer's study i goes,
& ses, ses i, "Guv'nor, don't look down yer
noes.
Wot's hall this about, cheer hup, my dear
dubble-U."
'E replys, "My hold friend, i ham sorry 2
trubble u
But wot's 2 b done about 'Parsifal?'"

"That hunforchewunt dramer is go'n up a
tree,
& the korse to pursoo i do not kleeerly c,
For 15 thou's vanted 2 git hout ov the mess,
i kood do rith much more, but i carnt take
no less,
In justis 2 self & 'Parsifal!'"

"My hi," ses i, "Guv'nor, that 'ere sum is a
vopper,
& it forcable strikes me as u'll kum a cropper,
Much wuss than in hayteen seventy & sir
—A, thank 'ee i takes my drop neet, & don't
mix
—i looks toovards 'e & 'Parsifal!'"

Ses 'e, "Can the money b 'ad hennyveeres
D'think u kood raze it in Hingland on shares?
Or by sellin' a pamphit abewozing J. Braums,
Or, apeelin 2 charraty, git it in haums
For the good ov distressful 'Parsifal?'"

"Lord, no!" i replys, "them fakes aint no
huce,
The Hinglish is fly, and kvite hup 2 a ruce.
Just giv me a veek for 2 try my hone way,
Per'aps there's a Jarmin goose villin 2 lay
The heggs 2 put life in 'Parsifal!'"

"O evins!" kryes Wagginer, "hif there b sich
a burd,
'E's vurthy 2 rank among them as i've hurd,
Sav'd the Kappitul." Ses i, "About that i
don't no,
But the breed aint eggstink & this may proove
a go,
& down from the tree bring 'Parsifal!'"

Then a jew 2 sweet Mary i kvick sed, vunce
more
& kist 'er a few jist houtside the back dore,
But before goin' away, kvite permiskus i sed,
"Can utell vere King Loodvig's a-'idin' 'is 'e'd?
i ast in the hintrest ov 'Parsifal!'"

"O mi," ses the charmer, "now I kums 2
remember,
Let me c; no: yes: this is the munth ov
December,
'E's in Moonik, ov korce, & not 2 b seen at all."
"O himmercent Mary, u don't no wot i meen
at all,
There's vunderful wirchew in 'Parsifal!'"

Be'old me in Moonik a-goin 2 the Paltus,
& feelin', tho' brave, jist as how 'twos the gallus,
"Stand back" kryes the centry, a-lowerin' 'is
bagginit,
i finds my tung kvick & sets 2 a waggin' it,
Lord! ow i kry'd out 'Parsifal!'"

i'm 'ang'd if that beggar in blew didn't haunser,
"Pass Parsifal, hennyveers henter u cam, Sir."
i henters, but bless yer, at a'most hev'ry yard
There wos sum chapor hother astandin' on gard.
Down they all vent afore "Parsifal!"

"The King," i ses, "sho 'im straitvay hunto
me,
i'm a hembassy kum from the grate Mister
Wee,
The dore they flue hopen, the lords they hall
bow'd,
& Loodvig steps forrard as pail as a shrow'd,
Kryes 'e, "Wot's hup now with 'Parsifal!'"

i haunser, "Yer Majistee, this 'ere vont do,
Ere's Wagginer a veepin cos the hart 'e calls
noo,
Is stuck 'ard & fast for the vant of sum kash."
Ses Loodvig, ses 'e—vell, the vurd wos not
"Dash"—
i'm blode if 'e didn't d—m "Parsifal!"

"'told Richard Wagginer just so it vood be,"
& the ryal hi's blaiz'd—'twas a sight for
2 c,
"e shooldn't 'ave printed the book afore and,
Cos no kommun pallut the story kin stand,
There's a werry i flavur in 'Parsifal.'"

"Pleeze yer Majistee's graice," i makes bold
for 2 say,
"Pore Wagginer's so sorry; wares wile't all
day,
15 thousan's the number ov quid wot e needs,
& hon 'is b ½ for that sum 'ere i pleeds,
Else strate 2 the dorgs goes 'Parsifal.'"

Ses the King "times is 'ard & vith Bizmark
a vatchin
V're bound for hour subjiks 2 pretend 2 b
skratchin.
But gen'lmen haul," 'ere 'e turns 2 the kort,
"Vith w're 'elp o'll settul the matter kviteshort,
& do a good turn for 'Parsifal.'"

"Vith hus 2 Bayroot hevry man jack shall
go,
At sich time as Wagginer hopen's 'is sho',
Heech vith us shall sit in our hoven ryal gal-
lury,
& towards the kost giv up jist ½ ov 'is sallury
For the good ov R. W. & 'Parsifal.'"

My hi, 'ow them nobul'men vinc'd at the hoffer,
But they sed 'twos the 1 they vere goin' for 2
proffer.

"Werry well then," kryes Loodvig, "that set-
tuld and now
(This 2 me) back 2 Bayroot, but fust make
yer bow
2 the saveyer ov Dubble-U & 'Parsifal.'"

At 'is feet i neef'd down & i kist 'is rite 'and,
A-saying, "Now King Loodvig is Loodvig the
Grand,"

The Lords then heskorted me hout 2 the dore,
& visper'd ongroot, "v're all hunkommen
pore,
Dont dore on us much for 'Parsifal.'"

Agin then be'old me in Wagginer's studdy
Vith a hi wot wos brite & a face wot wos
ruddy,
"R. W.," i shouts out, "v're bang hup on yer
legs,
i've diskiver'd the goose, & the fine golden
heggs
Is as good as laid for 'Parsifal.'"

Then hup arose Wagginer & danc'd round
the table,
Ses 'e "2 repay u i neer shall be hable."

"'Old 'ard," ses i, "gw'nor, that haint kvite
kerrect,
A mode ov repayment this child kin detect,
Purwided good luck attends 'Parsifal.'"

"In hayteen sev'nty six, as u werry well nose,
U're 'ungry adorsers pretty ni kum 2 bloe.
Dividin' the wittels ov vich there warnt much,
& that wos weel outluts, leen gozins & such.
V'll change all that ere for 'Parsifal.'"

"V shoood feed up espeshul them kritikul
chaps,
Fill their stummiks, they'll spare u jist no end
ov raps,
So let me & Mary—i nose u dont 'ate 'er—
Set hup a purwishun tent ni the theayter
Throokout the purformance ov 'Parsifal.'"

"V'll keep the krowd merry vith good Hing-
lish cheer,
Vith sukkewlent surline & Bass's prime beer,
It vout matter much 'ow yer noo dramer goes,
For they're shure 2 c hev'ry think koolur d
rose,
& applaud like mad for 'Parsifal.'"

Then Wagginer larf'd & e give 'is consent,
So now i ses hernest 2 hevry kyind gent
"At Bayroot a good blow hout for 5 bob a'ed
U'll be hable 2 git & p'raps 'elp me 2 wed
A maid i luv better than 'Parsifal.'"

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1881,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A major, Op. 93, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
(Spohr)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song,
"Dalla sua pace" (Mozart)—Mr Harper Kearton; Prelude and Fugue à la
Tarantella, for pianoforte alone (Bach)—M^{lle} Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Variations, Op. 39, for pianoforte and violoncello—first time
(Wüllner)—M^{lle} Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti; Song, "Love rounds th'
alarm" (Handel)—Mr Harper Kearton; Trio, in B flat, Op. 5, for pianoforte,
violin, and violoncello—first time (Davenport)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{lle}
Marie Krebs, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

TENTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in B flat, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Cherubini)
—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. L. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti; Air, "O rest in
the Lord" (Mendelssohn)—M^{me} Patey; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for
pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Miss Dora Schirmacher; Song, "The oak and the
ash" (Old English)—M^{me} Patey; Quintet, in A major, for two violins,
clarinet, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. Lazarus,
L. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini.

WHEN in Madrid, M^{me} Adelina Patti gave 4,000 francs for
distribution. among the poor of that part of the city where she
was born.

IN company with Mr Charles Hallé, M^{me} Norman-Néruda
will, at the end of March, undertake a concert-tour, in the course
of which she will visit Prague, Vienna, Pesth, Gratz, and
Trieste.

MR FRANK J. AMOR.

A FEW Friends of Mr F. J. AMOR are raising a Fund to
enable him to proceed to America, where he will have a much greater
opportunity of exercising his talents than is possible in this country.

About £150 is necessary, towards which the following sums have been
subscribed:—

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Professor Macfarren ...	5 5 0	J. W. Standen, Esq. ...	1 1 0
Stanley Lucas, Esq. ...	1 1 0	A. Burnett, Esq. ...	1 1 0
H. R. Evers ...	2 2 0	D. Godfrey, Esq. ...	1 1 0
P. Sainton, Esq. ...	5 5 0	C. Harper, Esq. ...	1 1 0
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Charles Santley, Esq. ...	5 5 0	Mr W. Duncan Davison ...	2 2 0
Walter Macfarren, Esq. ...	1 1 0		

The kind co-operation of amateur and professional musicians is respectfully
solicited towards completing the necessary amount. Subscriptions can be
forwarded to Mr H. R. EYRES (Hon. Treasurer), at the Royal Academy of
Music; or to Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

M^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON returns to Paris on Wednesday
next. She will pass a winter holiday at San Carlo.

A SHORT time since, M^{me} Pauline Lucca appeared as the
Gretchen of Gounod's *Faust* in the same theatre at Olmütz in
which she began her career twenty-one years previously.

THE ballet of *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, with Beethoven's
music, will shortly be performed at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

AT the last meeting of the Society of the Friends of Music,
Vienna, Joachim was unanimously elected an honorary member;
and Johannes Brahms, a member of the Committee.

A NEW fashion has been introduced at the Philharmonic Con-
certs, Vienna. Formerly, when the public applauded the orchestra,
the conductor alone acknowledged the compliment; at present,
all the members stand up and bow.

DEATHS.

On January 19, at 23, St Augustine's Road, Camden Square, CONSTANCE EMILY, youngest daughter of E. J. Hopkins, Esq., aged nineteen.

On November 17, at 34, Highbury New Park, EDMOND JEFFERSON, in his 71st year; for 56 years in the employ of Challen & Son, pianoforte manufacturers, Oxford Street.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

The Launch of the Livadia.

I.

When thy Sea-Babel shall be hurled pell-mell
Along the floods whose foaming lips shall lick
And lash their prey ere swallowing it. When thick
Snow-tempest shall involve its tolling bell
So that it may be no more audible
Than the Time-telling of a watch's tick.
When its fire-signals shall be like a wick
That flickers and falters in the night of Hell.

Then in the hurly-burly of the storm
Shalt thou behold in their Siberian shroud
Thy victims in a fearful phantom-swarm.
Then undefeated Freedom shall roar loud
And doom thee. So shall thy last hour be
Within thy crumbling palace on the sea.

II.

And yet, O thou less wickedly-inclined
Than weak, repent, repent while yet thou may'st.
However swiftly thou flee Fate, the haste
Of an avenging ocean close behind
Shall follow thee. Dire hurricanes of wind,
And hideous skies shall chase thee for the taste
Of blood they smell upon thee, ashen faced,
An thou not change the bent of thy mad mind.

Put not thy trust in timbers of cast steel,
Nor in vast engines, nor in rope nor mast,
Nor rudder nor compass in the winter blast.
And O unhappy man, dream not to feel
Safe upon rolling billows, lest they rise
And gulph thee in great ruin, volcano-wise.

III.

Most miserable slave of Destiny
Remember well that There there are no slaves.
For thou art not the master of the waves.
Nor canst thou say to billows of the sea
"Henceforward have none other liberty"
"But digging and rotting in the icy caves"
"Of my white eastern empery of graves;"
No—for the Sea is free eternally.

Most miserable one, put thou thy trust
In Righteousness and Wisdom, and the Ghost
Of horrible Murder shall no longer boast
That it can make thy forehead pale. Be just
And brave and fearless whilst thou yet hast breath,
Else turn and see Hell arm in arm with Death.

Polkaw.

ALBANI AT BRUSSELS.

(From the "Indépendance Belge.")

Mdlle Albani n'a pas obtenu un moindre succès dans *Lucie* et dans *Faust* que dans la *Traviata*. Ce n'est pas la première fois, du reste, qu'il nous était donné de l'applaudir dans les opéras de Donizetti et de Gounod, et nous savions combien elle y déploie à l'aise son rare talent de cantatrice et ses merveilleuses qualités d'artiste.

Malgré le joli temps dont nous étions gratifiés hier, la salle de la Monnaie était très bien garnie et les dilettantes bruxellois avaient bravé le froid et la neige pour écouter le doux ramage de Marguerite. Chaudes ont été les ovations faites à Mdlle Albani. Son interprétation de l'exquise création de Gounod est des plus intéressantes et des plus justes. La virtuosité est peu de chose dans *Faust*, bien que pour complaire à certaines exigences d'artistes plutôt que par conviction, le maître y ait intercalé des passages de virtuosité pure, il faut avoir l'âme du rôle. Et Mdlle Albani n'a pas seulement une belle organisation musicale, mais une âme d'artiste.

Samedi, nous l'entendrons dans la *Somnambule* qu'elle n'a pas encore jouée à Bruxelles. Il y a donc là un attrait de plus.

MISS MINNIE HAWK was engaged to sing at Mr Charles Halle's Manchester Concerts on Thursday evening.

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS has returned from Liverpool, in the midst of the snow and ice, all the better, her many friends and admirers will be glad to learn, for her visit to the great commercial emporium on the Mersey.

THE cantata which Mr F. H. Cowen has been commissioned to write for the Norwich Festival is built upon the legend of St Ursula, the poem (original) being supplied by Mr R. E. Francillon, author of *The Rose Maiden* and *The Corsair*.

MR G. HATTON (son of our own popular composer, J. L. Hatton?), formerly student at the Leipzig Conservatory, and for the last two years a pupil of Hans von Bülow's, has been playing with brilliant success at the concerts of the Ducal Orchestra-Meiningen. The Duke has appointed him Ducal Court-Pianist.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, compelled "by stress of weather" to abandon the performance which should have been held on the 21st inst., are to give their next concert on February 11th, when Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* will absorb the first part of the programme, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* the last.

MR OBERTHÜR, whose cantata for ladies voices, *The Pilgrim Queen*, was performed with such success at St James's Hall last season, has finished another, entitled *The Red-Cross Knight*—the words again from the graceful pen of Mrs Alexander Roberts. This, like its precursor, will be published by the firm of Hutchings & Romer, and in the course of the forthcoming season be introduced to the public in St James's Hall.

AT Monday's Popular Concert a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by that young and continually progressing musician, Mr F. Davenport, is to be introduced by Mdlle Krebs, Mdme Néruda, and Signor Piatti. Mr Chappell would do wisely in presenting somewhat more frequently the works of English musicians. He must of course be discriminate in choice, and that he is not likely to be otherwise his antecedents are enough to show.—*Graphic*.

Two new overtures have recently been composed by Johannes Brahms, for a Festival Concert in Breslau, where he is *Doctor honoris causâ* at the University. To this concert all the members of the Philosophical Faculty were invited by the Committee of the Orchestral Union. Both overtures were applauded, the first chiefly by connoisseurs, the second (introducing some well-known students' *Lieder*, and winding up with the popular "Gaudamus") by all present, with an enthusiasm the genuine tone of which could not be mistaken.

Lid.

—Sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.

Leider.

To Pencerdd Guffyf.

CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—With the revival of interest in music other than that associated with holly and mistletoe comes a renewal of the Ballad Concerts at St James's Hall. These concerts are wholly devoted to what has been, and probably ever will be, the most popular sort of music—namely, that given to the voice. Even the person who admits the non-possession of an ear (in a musical sense), and who cannot endure the sweet discourse of orchestras, will betray something approaching enthusiasm over ballads. Hence the never-waning popularity of ballad concerts, though in point of fact they are not concerts of ballads. A ballad was originally as much a dancing piece as a cantata was and is a singing piece. Dr Burney, writing in 1802, thought it necessary to combat the notion (set forth in the French Encyclopedia published about this time) that “we English dance and sing our ballads at the same time.” If any delusion of this sort exists now, it will be promptly dispelled by a visit to one of Mr Boosey's concerts at St James's Hall. These ballads, new and old, and rightly or wrongly so-called, are sung by the best artists of the day, and very delightful entertainment it is. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR CARRODUS.—The experiment of Mr Carrodus proved highly interesting, and though, for reasons needless to explain, the audience was comparatively restricted, it was unanimous in its approval, and enthusiastic in its recognition of the merits of our distinguished English artist. Pianists have, from time immemorial, exclusively occupied the attention of their hearers through two hours of music; but it was laid down that for a violinist to do the same thing would result in monotony. In the present instance, however, bold as was the attempt, it was justified by unquestioned success. Mr Carrodus presented examples from J. S. Bach, Paganini, Spohr, Molique, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Wieniawski, and Berthold Tours, besides his own ingenious Fantasia on Scotch airs, with which professors and connoisseurs have already been afforded opportunities of becoming acquainted. All were executed with masterly ease and thorough comprehension of the individual significance of each. It would be superfluous to specify particulars; but we may point to Bach's great *Chaconne* with variations, and the *Moto Perpetuo* of Paganini, as wonderful mechanical displays in totally different styles; as well as to four charming pieces by Molique, the last of which was encored, and in this case justifiably repeated. Mr Carrodus enjoyed no other assistance than that of Mr Frank Amor, a practised musician, as we all know, and Master John Carrodus (who promises, by the way, to be a son worthy of his father), as accompanists at the pianoforte. It was agreeable to find the worth of an artist of whom we have just reason to feel proud recognized with such unmistakable warmth. —*Graphic*.

A *soirée musicale* was given on Saturday, January 22nd, at St Mary Magdalene's schoolroom, Upper Tooting, by Mrs Farley (medallist of the London Academy of Music), a lady gifted with a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice. In spite of the severe weather, a numerous audience was attracted. Mrs Farley sang “Time was,” by Lady Arthur Hill, “The Rose is dead” (George Gear), and “Kathleen Mavourneen” with excellent taste. She was assisted in the vocal department by Mr and Mme Jarrett. Raff's “Tarentelle” was played as a pianoforte duet by Mr and Miss Feltoe, and Mr George Gear contributed some pianoforte solos with much success, among them being Beethoven's “Polonaise in C,” J. F. Barnett's Fantasia on *The Ancient Mariner*, and his own *Rondo*, entitled “La Gioja.” Mr Gear also accompanied the vocal music.

A CONCERT, ostensibly Scotch, in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Burns, was given in the great Kensington building on Tuesday evening. The special attraction was the co-operation of Mme Christine Nilsson, who came from Paris expressly for the purpose. Notwithstanding the avowed object of the concert, the programme was of a mixed character, specialties being the per-

formances of the eminent Swedish *prima donna*, which consisted of an Italian operatic *aria*, a sacred song, and a Scotch ballad. The first of these was Leonora's “Tacea la notte” (from *Il Trovatore*), in which, as on previous occasions, the accomplished artist showed that command of brilliant vocalisation and dramatic power which have made her so renowned in stage performances. In the very opposite style of oratorio music Mme Nilsson proved her possession of genuine religious feeling by her expressive delivery of the air (with recitative) “Angels ever bright and fair,” from Handel's *Theodora*, her versatility being further proved by her charming and touching delivery of the Scotch ballad, “Auld Robin Gray.” Both pieces elicited enthusiastic encores. The programme was too long, and was rendered additionally so by compliance with numerous demands for repetition. It may suffice to say that, in addition to the special features already pointed to, effective performances of more or less familiar pieces were contributed by Miss Mary Davies, Mdmes Edith Wynne and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Cummings, V. Rigby, J. Maas, R. Hollins, J. Sauvage, H. Pope, and the members of the choir. Mr W. Carter directed the concert, in co-operation with Messrs E. Bending and J. P. Clarke. The band of the Scots Guards played some appropriate music during the evening. —*Daily News*.

THE *employés* of the Post Office gave an entertainment last week in Saint Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, in aid of the funds of one of their charitable institutions. We are glad to say the hall was fully attended, and the charity, it is believed, will be greatly benefited. Among those who gave their assistance was Miss Louisa Ball, the young elocutionist, of whose talent we have frequently spoken in favourable terms. *The Child Martyr*, written expressly for Miss Ball, by Mr Edward Oxenford, was recited with genuine pathos and heartily applauded.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—A concert was given on Monday evening, Jan. 24, at the Music Hall, in aid of the Parish of St Andrew. The Hall was well filled. The Choir of St Andrew began with Bishop's Glee, “The Chough and the Crow,” after which various songs and duets were contributed by Misses F. and G. Tolkien and Readers, Messrs A. Webb, D'Arcy Ferris, E. J. Spark, the Rev H. E. Taverner, &c. In the morning, at the Guildhall, Mr E. J. Spark, who had acted as Choirmaster for fifteen years, was presented by the Rev W. H. R. Longhurst, on behalf of the late Vicar and former Members of the Choir, with an illuminated address in acknowledgment of the courtesy and consideration shown by him in the performance of his duties. Mr Spark returned thanks in appropriate terms, and regretted that the Choir had been disbanded after being formed with so much difficulty.

SPECIAL services, on special occasions, seem to grow more and more in favour at our churches. We have had two within the last week or so—the first in Westminster Abbey, when portions of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* were given, the second in St Paul's Cathedral, on Tuesday (the Feast of the Conversion), when a varied and impressive selection from Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was made to serve as anthem. On each occasion the congregation was very large. It is good to make church-goers familiar with such truly grand and devotional music. Dr Bridge and Dr Stainer, organists respectively at the Abbey and Cathedral, are well-known promoters of the movement, and thereby render excellent service.

BRESLAU.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has been singing at the Stadttheater. By way of novelty, he chose for his opening night—*Le Postillon de Longumeau*.

MELBOURNE.—We record with regret the death of Mr W. S. Lyster, managing director of the Operahouse, at the age of 52. His decease, which was not unexpected, occurred on November 27. The funeral took place on November 28. The *cortège*, which consisted of hearse, two mourning coaches, and forty carriages, left Hawthorn at half-past two o'clock, and proceeded to the Melbourne General Cemetery, where, in the Church of England division, the remains were interred. The carriages contained a large number of gentlemen of the theatrical and musical world, besides personal friends and citizens of note. The pall-bearers were Dr Motherwell, Messrs George Coppin, Thomas Pavey, W. G. Sprigg, W. Dean, James E. Kitts, J. C. Williamson, Wybert Reeve, James Smith, and Henry Hoyt. —*Australasian Sketcher*, Dec. 4, 1880.

TO CUNINGHAM BOOSEY, ESQ.

SIR,—King Bagdemagus, who reigned over no country in particular, but heard Merlin grumble under the tree to which Vivien had consigned him. The "King with the Hundred Knights," governing an island with a hundred male subjects, who (there being no wives, sisters, aunts, or Daughters in his dominions, which were self-propagating) invariably accompanied him to tournaments; at which they were as invariably smitten down by Palomides the Saracen. This Palomides was so well breathed that often he blew knights over the horse tail. Sir Flloll (or Froll) of the Out-isles (comprising Sark and Mutton), not being a King, had consequently no Queen. He met Sir Bleoberis in a forest; but it was Sir Lamorake (hated by the sons of King Lot of Orkney) who, with one spear, smote him through five ribs and unhorsed him. Flloll (or Froll) was not buried, but devoured of frantic choughs. Yours, PETIFACE OF WINCHELSEA.

WAIFS.

Lauro Rossi is again director of the Conservatory of Music, Naples.

A Russian version of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is announced in Moscow.

A new operetta, *Der Hofconditor*, by Zaiz, is accepted at the Carl Theater, Vienna.

Domenicatti is writing an opera for the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; it is entitled *L'Eredetaria*.

The lighting of the New Operahouse at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, costs £4,000 annually.

Albert Dietrich has composed music for Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, recently performed at Bremen.

A young Russian pianist, Mdle Flora Friedenthal, has made a favourable impression in Berlin.

The sum of 33,288 marks has been allowed for this year's expenses of the Royal Cathedral Choir, Berlin.

Mdme Artôt-Padilla has been singing at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, in *Carmen* and *Le Domino Noir*.

Signora Giovannoni, engaged at the Teatro Real, Madrid, is to make her first appearance in *Lohengrin*.

A new oratorio, *Johannes der Täufer*, by Löwe, was recently performed in the Markus Kirche, Berlin.

Mdle Schefsky (the charming Siegelinde of Bayreuth), is singing at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Mdle Sarah Bernhardt's second week in Chicago produced 20,909 dols., gross receipts for the six performances.

The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar has conferred on Herr von Bülow the Commander's Cross of the White Falcon.

Mad. Weckerlin, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, is ill, and unlikely to resume her professional duties for some time.

Ferdinand Schulz, organist at the Sophia Church, Berlin, has been appointed Royal Prussian Musical-Director.

Fischer has entered on his duties as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, Munich, by conducting Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

The Duke of Altenburg has conferred the Gold Medal for Art and Science on Degele, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Mdme Mallinger's present engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, expires in March, and as yet has not been renewed.

Mdme Wilt, having taken leave as *Aida* of the public of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has entered on her engagement in Pesh.

St David's Day (March 1), is to be celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall, by a Welsh Festival, under the direction of Mr W. Carter.

A grand tournament of singers is projected for next August at Wiesbaden, under the superintendence of the "Männergesangsverein."

Bertrand Roth is appointed teacher of the piano at the Hoch Conservatory, under the direction of Joachim Raff, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Professor Theodor Leschetizky has been appointed honorary member and honorary professor of the Conservatory of Music, St Petersburg.

Anton Rubinstein's fifth and last Symphony (in G minor) was performed for the first time in Moscow, at the Concert of the Russian Society of Music.

Glinka's *Life for the Czar* has been given for the first time at Tiflis, and created a strong impression; all the places were booked for eight nights in advance.

Messrs Steinway & Sons intend opening the New Operahouse, New York, next season, for German opera, with Candidus as leading tenor, and Theodore Thomas as conductor.

Mdme Vera Timanoff is making a tour in the south of Russia. Next month she will, in company with the violoncellist, Jules de Swert, visit the northern parts of the Empire.

Mdme Marie Heilbron is to be married to Mr Charles Félix Edmond de la Panouse, *lieutenant de vaisseau*. The banns have been posted at the mairie of the 8th arrondissement.

The band of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen, under the direction of Dr von Bülow, has been giving Beethoven Concerts in Coburg, Bamberg, Erlangen, and Nuremberg. Mr G. Hatton was the pianist.

Mdme Marianne Brandt has had an address and a handsome bracelet forwarded her in acknowledgment of her services at the concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, will be executed at the beginning of April by the Berlin St Cecilia Association, under the direction of Herr Alexis Holländer (first time of its performance in the Prussian capital).

The report that Carl Emil Seifert was killed in America by a shot from a revolver is contradicted. (The shot was not fatal, and he might have exclaimed with Iago—"I bleed, sir, but not killed."—Dr Wittge.)

Mdme Trebelli, accompanied by Messrs Musin, Bisaccia, and Ghilberti, returned to London last week after a most successful tour in Belgium. The same party propose returning to Belgium at the end of March.

Patti's first performance of *La Traviata* at Monte Carlo on Saturday was an immense success. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and all the flowers of the principality were laid in bouquets at the feet of the *diva*. At the end of the fourth act the whole audience rose.—*Parisian*.

The room getting chilly during a long piece of chamber-music, a gentleman asked his neighbour, in a whisper, how he should stir the fire, without interrupting the performance. "Between the bars," was the reply. (Egregiously good.—Dr Wittge.)

Mdme Fernanda Tedesca, violiniste *Américaine*, will give a vocal and instrumental concert at the Grand Hotel, on Tuesday next, we presume at 8 o'clock p.m., although the circular does not state the hour. Mdme Tedesca will have the assistance of several well-known artists, French and foreign.—*Parisian*.

Christine Nilsson says that it amuses her to hear people in France speak of the dreadful habit that Americans have of conveying their food to their mouths with their knives. She says that she has been at table between a German Prince and a diplomat who went through the same sleight of hand.—*Parisian*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Tuesday evening, January 25, a "Musical Comedietta" was given, entitled *The Two Q's*—libretto by Captain Franklin Fox, music by Mr H. Collingwood Banks. The singers were Misses Temple, Howard, and Ada Thorn, Messrs F. Sewell Southgate, Frank Melville, and John Cross. The Theatre was well filled; the comedietta went very smoothly, and the music, which is light and cheerful, was done full justice to by the singers.

PESTH.—The local papers state that Rác Pál has been asked by the English Rothschilds whether he would come with his celebrated band to London for a week, and on what terms. He replied that he was perfectly willing to visit the great metropolis, and his terms would be 14,000 florins, exclusive of travelling expenses and board. He said he fixed on this sum because Baron Erlanger, of Frankfort, paid him 2,000 florins for a day.

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